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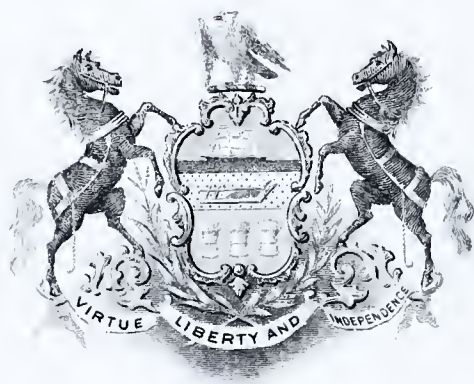


121ST
ANNIVERSARY DINNER
FRIENDLY SONS OF ST. PATRICK
IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK
MARCH 17TH, 1905

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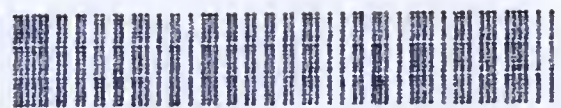
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BRONZE SOUVENIR

Proceedings
at the
121st Anniversary Dinner
of the
Society of the
Friendly Sons of St. Patrick
in the
City of New York
at
Delmonico's
March seventeenth, 1905

Reported and published by order of the Society

1905

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Soc. of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick in the City of N.Y.

THE one hundred and twenty-first anniversary dinner of the Society of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, in the city of New York, was held at Delmonico's on Friday evening, March 17, 1905.

Six hundred and fifteen members of the Society and guests sat down to the most brilliant banquet ever given in honor of Ireland and Ireland's saint.

The principal guest was Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, and an honorary member of the Society.

The President was escorted to Delmonico's by the Sixty-ninth Regiment, Col. Edward Duffy commanding. A great concourse filled the adjacent streets, and the President's approach was heralded by resounding cheers. Having entered Delmonico's, the President soon appeared upon the Fifth Avenue balcony, whence he reviewed the Sixty-ninth. The setting sun of a brilliant day smiled upon a cheering multitude, and a regiment of stalwart Irish-American soldiers passing in review to the strains of martial Irish music before the delighted Chief Magistrate of the Republic.

New York never gave President Roosevelt a warmer welcome. As the regiment marched away, the President was conducted to the Assembly room where he held a reception before the dinner. Mr. Justice Fitzgerald, president of the Society, stood beside him while he received

the members, the Judge introducing them. The President said a few words to each, and stopped dozens of his old friends for a longer chat. At the conclusion, Judge Fitzgerald offered his arm to the President and led the way upstairs to the banquet hall. As they mounted the stairs the cornet played "The Wearing of the Green," accompanied by the tap of the drum.

The dinner was given in the golden dining hall. When President Roosevelt, after a brief speech of welcome by Mr. Justice Fitzgerald, arose to speak, a hurricane of prolonged cheering swept over the hall. The entire assembly arose, every man waving two flags—the flag of stars and the green flag. The sight was at once thrilling and inspiring in its enthusiasm, and its billows of brilliant colors. Six hundred and fifteen men cheered and cheered and cheered again, while through it all came the notes of "The Star Spangled Banner" in full diapason from the orchestra, and the President's pleasure in it all was as keen as the most exuberant of his hosts.

The decoration of the hall was an artistic triumph—a charming symphony in color. The panels of the golden dining room carried clusters of American and Irish flags bound with the national arms. Streamers of topaz and emerald lights, twined with garlands of green, ran diagonally from the corners of the room and met under the central chandelier. Another line of electric lights outlined all sides of the room. Back of the raised dais for distinguished guests was the Society's stately painting of St. Patrick. At either side was a President's flag, and above it flamed in electric lights the motto, "Cead Mile Failte."

The guests' table was strewn with roses, and at the end of each table was a bronze harp of Ireland. To the right and left of the table were medallions of Washington and Roosevelt encircled by coronets of fiery stars. The souvenirs were plaques of golden bronze in bas-relief, displaying an allegorical figure of Erin holding American and Irish flags above Washington and Roosevelt, thus recalling that the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick in 1782 entertained Washington as victorious General-in-Chief of the Colonial Armies, and now extended the same warm Celtic welcome to the brilliant son of New York who is seated in the Presidential chair.

The menu was a large booklet of nine pages, bound with heavy green tasseled cord. The cover was decorated with a photogravure of the bronze souvenir. Inside was a reproduction of the "Origin of the Irish Harp," by Daniel Maclise, and following the menu were two photogravures, one of the painting which shows General Washington arriving at New York on April 23, 1789, previous to his inauguration; the other, Frederic Remington's "The Rough Riders at the Battle of San Juan Hill." Each guest wore a badge specially designed for the occasion, consisting of a silver bar with portraits in relief of Washington and Roosevelt, from which was suspended by two chains, the badge of the Society—all resting upon a handsome green ribbon.

It was a night of splendid joy. The martial spirit of the Celt with its love of the manly, the brave and the true shone on every face. Under radiant flags and banners long revered, the holy memories of centuries hovered in the air, and the future of the deathless race, be-

fore uplifted eyes, seemed a stately reality embodying the grand transfiguration of the Gael.

So it passed into history, and every participant will look back to it with pride, its golden words, its superb individualities, its glowing enthusiasm, its brilliance of light and color singing to the memory a perfect triumphal Irish melody.

The origin of the Harp.

'Tis believ'd that this Harp, which I wake now
for thee,

Was a Siren of old, who sung under the sea;
And who often, at eve, thro' the bright waters rov'd,
To meet, on the green shore, a youth whom she lov'd.

But she lov'd him in vain, for he left her to weep.
And in tears, all the night her gold tresses to steep:
Till heav'n look'd with pity on true-love so warm,
And chang'd to this soft Harp the sea-maiden's form.



BY DANIEL MACLISE, R.A.

TOASTS

ADDRESS BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

"The leader of the world's wide hosts guarding our aspirations,
Wear thou the seamless garb of Truth sitting among the nations."

—*Eva Mary Kelly.*

IRELAND'S REVIVAL MARTIN J. KEOGH

"Island of Destiny! Innisfail, for thy faith is the payment near!
The mine of the future is opened, and the golden veins appear."

—*John Boyle O'Reilly.*

POEM JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE..... WILLIAM BOURKE COCKRAN

"Ireland, bright motherland, where'er the day
Sinks or uprears around this reeling earth,
Thy children multiply, or, dying gray
Breathe thy dear name around a foreign hearth."

—*John Francis O'Donnell.*

THE CITY OF NEW YORK..... JOHN J. DELANY

"Give me faces and streets,
Give me the streets of Manhattan
Give me Broadway."

—*Walt Whitman.*

M E N U

PONCIRES AUX LIQUEURS

POTAGES

CONSOMMÉ EXCELSIOR CRÈME D'ASPERGES

HORS D'OEUVRE

RADIS OLIVES CELERI

POISSON

AIGUILLETES DE SOLE AU VIN BLANC

POMMES DE TERRE PERSILLADE

RELEVÉ

FILET DE BOEUF, SAUCE MADÈRE AUX OLIVES FARCIES

HARICOTS VERTS

ENTRÉES

AILES DE VOLAILLE À LA GÉNIN

PETITS POIS FRANÇAIS

TERRAPÈNE À LA BALTIMORE

IRISH BACON AND GREENS

SORBET AU KIRSCH

RÔTS

PIGEONNEAUX

SALADE CHIFFONADE

ENTREMETS DE DOUCEUR

GLACES DE FANTAISIES

PETITS FOURS FRUITS

PIECES MONTÉES FROMAGE

CAFÉ

Sauternes
Sherry
Bordeaux
Champagne
Mineral Waters
Liqueurs



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“FIRST IN PEACE”

Representing the arrival of GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON at New York April 23rd 1789 previous to his
Inauguration as the First President of the United States of America April 30th 1789

MUSICAL PROGRAMME

PRESIDENT'S MARCHHERBERT

SELECTION FROM "MARITANA".....WALLACE

MORCEAU, "MY LITTLE CANOE".....CARYLL

MELODIES FROM IRELAND.....ARRANGED BY VAN BAAR

SELECTION FROM "THE BOHEMIAN GIRL".....BALFE

AMERICAN FANTASIAARRANGED BY VAN BAAR

IRISH DANCESARRANGED BY VAN BAAR

ROUGH RIDER JUBILEE.....VAN BAAR

OFFICERS
OF THE
Society of the
Friendly Sons of St. Patrick
in the City of New York
1905

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JAMES FITZGERALD

FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE

SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT

MICHAEL J. DRUMMOND

TREASURER

JOHN D. CRIMMINS

RECORDING SECRETARY

JOHN J. LENEHAN

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WILLIAM TEMPLE EMMET

ALMONER

FRANCIS HIGGINS

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DAVID McCLURE

JOHN F. CARROLL

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JOHN F. CARROLL
EUGENE A. PHILBIN
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JOHN STEWART
LEWIS J. CONLAN
JAMES DUNNE
JAMES J. PHELAN
MYLES TIERNEY
JAMES BUTLER
ROBERT EMMET DANVERS

AIDES TO STEWARDS

WILLIAM JOSEPH CLARKE
WALTER J. DRUMMOND
GEORGE E. COLEMAN
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JOHN A. DAVIDSON
FRANCIS P. GARVAN
JOHN E. KELLEY
ARTHUR KENEDY
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JOHN H. NAUGHTON
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ARTHUR McALEENAN
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ANDREW J. CONNICK, JR.
JOHN V. DONAHUE
JAMES M. TULLY
JOHN FUREY
JOSEPH T. RYAN
NICHOLAS J. BARRETT
FRANCIS A. CURRY



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT ENTERING THE BANQUET HALL

MICHAEL J. BANNON	JOHN F. CARROLL	DAVID McCLURE	CONSTANTINE J. McGUIRE	WILLIAM LOEB, JR.
JAMES TULLY	WM. T. EMMET	FRANCIS J. QUINLAN	FRANCIS A. CURRY	WILLIAM McADOO
THOS. P. WHITE	WM. N. PENNEY	THOS. ADDIS EMMET	HENRY L. BOGERT	THOS F. RYAN
JOS. F. RYAN	JAMES A. O'GORMAN	JOHN D. CRIMMINS	M. J. LAVELLE	JOHN STEWART
VINCENT P. TRAVERS	EDWARD D. FARRELL	JOHN J. DELANY	THOS. H. HUBBARD	BARTHOLOMEW MOYNAHAN
JOHN O'SULLIVAN	JOHN V. DONAHUE	WM. T. McMANIS	EUGENE A. PHILBIN	MARTIN J. KEOGH
EDWARD J. CURRY	W. BOURKE COCKRAN	FRANK TYREE	JOHN BYRNE	JOHN FOX
GEO. G. DE WITT	JOHN J. LENEHAN	J. I. C. CLARKE	MILES M. O'BRIEN	FRANCIS HIGGINS
ANDREW A. McCORMICK	SAMUEL SLOAN	PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT	JAMES FITZGERALD	M. J. DRUMMOND

THE PROCEEDINGS.

The tables having been cleared and cigars lighted, Mr. Justice James Fitzgerald, President of the Society, rapped for order at nine o'clock, and having secured the attention of the Society and its guests, said:

ADDRESS OF MR. JUSTICE JAMES FITZGERALD, of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, President of the Society of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick:

Gentlemen.—This is the one hundred and twenty-first annual celebration of our Society, and by the grace and favor of my brother members I am for the third time charged with the duty of speaking a few words of welcome to our distinguished guests.

The Society of The Friendly Sons of St. Patrick was originally organized in Philadelphia, in the Colonial period of our country's history, and carried upon its rolls the names of many men of Irish blood who in various fields of effort, rendered conspicuous service to the American cause in the dark and trying but glorious epoch of the Revolution. (Applause.) Among the many difficulties with which the patriots of those days had to contend was the problem of raising the necessary financial resources to meet the continuous and heavy drain of the expenses of the War, and when the old Bank of Pennsylvania was organized as a means toward that end a number of liberty loving merchants and property owners of Philadelphia subscribed three hundred thousand pounds to support its credit. Of this very large sum for that period, over one-third, or to be accurate, one hundred and three thousand five hundred pounds was

contributed by twenty-seven members of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick. (Loud applause.) The Society in the City of New York was formed in 1784, the year succeeding the evacuation of our City by the British troops, and was largely composed of Irish-American officers, who had served in the Revolutionary Army. It has been uninterruptedly maintained from that time down to the present, and it is hardly necessary to assure you, in this magnificent and notable presence, that age has not abated the interest of its members or the affection of its friends. (Applause.) Every man born in Ireland of good moral character or born out of Ireland with an Irish-born ancestor is eligible for admission to our ranks, but the total membership is limited to five hundred. I do not wish to discourage any aspiring candidate, but the facts are there is not a single vacancy upon our roll of membership to-night, while we have a long and continually increasing waiting list. (Laughter and applause.) We are proud of our Society for many reasons.

We rejoice that we are all Americans, that the glorious republic of the United States is Our Country, that its flag is our flag. Columbia never had and never can have more loyal or faithful sons than the Sons of St. Patrick. (Cheering.) We aim to foster and cultivate friendly and fraternal feelings among our brethren by keeping alive the traditional virtue of generous and open-handed hospitality for which our progenitors have at all times been so universally famed. The friends and the enemies of our people (and heaven knows we have had good friends and bad enemies) alike bear testimony to the fact that the true Irishman never turns his back upon the one or the other. (Applause.) The warmth of his reception may be different in kind, but it is usually equal in degree. (Laughter.) We seek to develop to its highest extent and in its broadest sense the spirit of Christian Charity. We ask not under what emblem a man

may mark his ballot or in what sanctuary he may kneel. Provided only he be true to God, country and neighbor we are ready to extend to him the grasp of friendship and welcome him with outstretched arms to our fireside and to our board. (Applause.)

We labor to keep fresh and bright in the hearts of the scattered children of the Gael the golden memories of the holy island to whose Chiefs and People the good St. Patrick first told the sublime but tragic story of man's redemption so many centuries ago. We strive to keep ablaze the embers of her hopes deferred. We raise her immortal shamrock from the ground and proudly wear and flourish it as the indistructible emblem of her unconquerable nationality. (Applause.) At the Anniversary Banquet of the Friendly Sons, held at George Evans', in Philadelphia, on St. Patrick's Day, 1782, the guest of honor was George Washington, then the Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Armies. (Great cheering.) Many of the generals serving under him were also present. Washington had been some months earlier adopted as a member and presented with a gold badge of the Society, which he accepted in a letter containing the following significant words: "I accept with pleasure the ensign of so worthy a fraternity, a society distinguished for the firm adherence of its members to the glorious cause in which we are embarked." (Great applause.)

We have at all times treasured among the pleasant and proud memories of our history as a society the fact that the Father of our Country participated in our early social and partiotic re-unions, and to-night we welcome with pride and happiness, after a lapse of nearly a century and a quarter, the successor of Washington in the most exalted, most powerful and most dignified office among all earthly potentialities—the Presidency of the United States. (Wild cheering.) We recognize and appreciate the great compliment he so

graciously pays us, and through us the people whom we in some degree represent. (Applause.) I thank him in your name and in theirs. It is the first time that a President, during his incumbency of the office, has been our guest. With the many and exacting demands upon his time we realize at what sacrifice he has afforded us this gratification. (Applause.) We appreciate it all the more as his attendance here is his first public appearance in this his native city since his installation in his great office for the term for which he was so emphatically chosen by the voice of his fellow citizens. (Great applause.) In accordance with immemorial usage our first regular toast has always been the health of our Chief Magistrate. The custom ordinarily has been for the entire company to rise and respond *en masse*. We happily vary the programme to-night. I give you the toast, "The President of the United States," and I present to you at the same time our President.

The scene which followed was a perfectly wild one, and when President Roosevelt arose, every man of the six hundred and fifteen diners was upon his feet cheering, singing, waving American and Irish flags, and manifesting by the heartiest exhibition of Gaelic enthusiasm the warmth of their welcome to their guest and fellow member the official head of the mightiest and freest government ever known to mankind.

ADDRESS OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

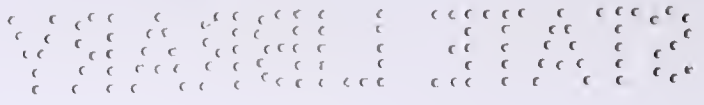
Judge Fitzgerald, and you, my Fellow-Members (applause), and my Fellow-Americans (applause) :

It is, of course, a matter of peculiar pleasure to me to come to my own city and to meet so many men with whom I have been associated for the last quarter of a century, for



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THE ROUGH RIDERS AT THE BATTLE OF SAN JUAN HILL



it was nearly that time ago, Judge, that you and I first met when we were both in the New York Legislature together (applause), and to be greeted by you, as you have greeted me to-night. I wish to express at the outset my special sense of obligation—and I know that the rest of you will not grudge my expressing it—my special sense of obligation to Col. Duffy and the officers and men of the 69th (applause), who were my escort to-day. I shall write to Col. Duffy later, to give him formal notice, and to ask him to give the Regiment formal notice, of my appreciation, but I wish to express it thus publicly to-night. (Applause.)

And now before I begin my speech proper, I wish to read a telegram which has been handed to me as a sop to certain of my well known prejudices. It has been sent up to me by one of the members here to-night, who, when we came into the dining room was only a father, but who at this moment is a grandfather. (Laughter and applause.) This telegram runs as follows:

“Peter McDonnell, Friendly Sons Dinner, Delmonico’s. Patrick just arrived. Tired after parade. Sends his regards to the President. He is the first on record since the President attended the Friendly Sons dinner. He is a fine singer. No race suicide in this family. (Prolonged laughter.) Weighs eight pounds, looks like the whole family. The mother is doing well. Robert McDonnell.”

And, gentlemen, I want you to join with me in drinking the health of Patrick, Peter, Robert, and above all, of the best of the whole outfit, Mrs. McDonnell, the mother.

(The toast was then responded to, amid cheers and laughter and applause, the entire audience rising.)

Now we will pass from the present to the past. The Judge has spoken to you of the formation of the Society of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, in Philadelphia, in colonial days. It was natural that it should have started in Phil-

adelphia and at the time of which the Judge spoke. For we must not forget, in dealing with our history as a nation, that long before the outbreak of the Revolution there had begun on the soil of the colonies, which afterwards became the United States, that mixture of races which has been and still is one of the most important features in our history as a people. At the time early in the eighteenth century when the immigrants from Ireland first began to come in numbers to this country, the race elements were still imperfectly fused, and for some time the then new Irish strain was clearly distinguishable from the others. And there was one peculiarity about these immigrants who came from Ireland to the colonies in the eighteenth century which has never been paralleled in the case of any other immigrants whatsoever. In all other cases since the very first settlements, the pushing westward of the frontier, the conquest of the Continent has been due primarily to the men of native birth. But the immigrants from Ireland in the seventeenth century, and those alone, pushed boldly through the settled districts and planted themselves as the advance guard of the conquering civilization on the borders of the Indian-haunted wilderness. (Applause.)

This was true in northern Maine and New Hampshire, in western Pennsylvania, Virginia and the Carolinas alike. And, inasmuch as Philadelphia was the largest city which was in touch with that extreme western frontier, it was most natural that the Society of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick should first be formed in that city. We had, I wish to say, in New York, frequently during colonial days, dinners of societies of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, but apparently the society in New York did not take a permanent form; but we frequently had dinners on March 17th of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick here in New York City, even in colonial days.

By the time the Revolution had broken out, the men of different race strains had begun to fuse together, and the Irish among those strains furnished their full share of leadership in the struggle. Among their number was Commodore John Barry (applause), one of the two or three officers to whom our infant navy owed most. I had the honor in the last session of Congress to recommend that a monument to Barry should be erected in Washington. (Applause.) I heartily believe in economy, but I think we can afford to let up enough to let that monument through. (Applause.)

On land the men of this strain furnished generals like Montgomery, who fell so gloriously at Quebec (applause), and like Sullivan, the conqueror of the Iroquois, who came of a New Hampshire family, which furnished governors to three New England States: (Applause.) In her old age the mother, Mrs. Sullivan, used to say that she had known what it was to work hard in the fields carrying in her arms the Governor of Massachusetts with the Governors of New Hampshire and Vermont tagging on at her skirts. (Applause.)

I have spoken of the generals. Now for the rank and file. The Continental troops of the hardest fighter among Washington's generals, Mad Anthony Wayne, were recruited so largely from this stock that Lighthorse Harry Lee, of Virginia, the father of the great General Robert Lee, always referred to them as "The Line of Ireland." (Applause.) Nor must we forget that of this same stock there was a boy during the days of the Revolution who afterwards became the chief American general of his time, and, as President, one of the public men who left his impress most deeply upon our nation, Andrew Jackson, the victor of New Orleans. (Applause.)

The Revolution was the first great crisis of our

history. The Civil War was the second. And in this second great crisis the part played by the men of Irish birth or parentage was no less striking than it had been in the Revolution. (Applause.) Among the three or four great generals who led the Northern Army in the war, stood Phil Sheridan. (Applause.) Some of those whom I am now addressing served in that immortal brigade which on the fatal day of Fredericksburg left its dead closest to the stone wall which marked the limit that could not be overpassed even by the highest valor. (Applause.)

And, gentlemen, it was my good fortune when it befell me to serve as a regimental commander in a very small war—but all the war there was—(applause) to have under me more than one of the sons of those who served in Meagher's brigade. Among them was one of my two best captains, both of whom were killed, Allen Capron, and this man Bucky O'Neill. (Applause.) Bucky O'Neill was killed at Santiago, showing the same absolute indifference to life, the same courage, the same gallant readiness to sacrifice everything on the altar of an ideal, that his father had shown when he died in Meagher's brigade in the Civil War. (Applause.)

The people who have come to this country from Ireland have contributed to the stock of our common citizenship qualities which are essential to the welfare of every great nation. (Applause.) They are a masterful race of rugged character, a race the qualities of whose womanhood have become proverbial, while its men have the elemental, the indispensable virtues of working hard in time of peace and fighting hard in time of war. (Applause.)

And I want to say here, as I have said and shall say again elsewhere, as I shall say again and again, that we must never forget that no amount of material wealth, no amount of intellect, no artistic or scientific growth can avail

anything to the nation which loses the elemental virtues. If the average man cannot work and fight, the race is in a poor way (applause), and it will not have, because it will not deserve, the respect of any one.

Let us avoid always, either as individuals or as a nation, brawling, speaking discourteously or acting offensively toward others, but let us make it evident that we wish peace, not because we are weak, but because we think it right (applause) ; and that while we do not intend to wrong anyone, we are perfectly competent to hold our own if any one wrongs us. (Applause.) There has never been a time in this country when it has not been true of the average American of Irish birth or parentage, that he came up to this standard, able to work and able to fight at need. (Applause.)

But the men of Irish birth or of Irish descent have been far more than soldiers—I will not say more than, but much in addition to soldiers. In every walk of life in this country men of this blood have stood and now stand pre-eminent, not only as soldiers, but as statesmen, on the bench, at the bar and in business. They are doing their full share toward the artistic and literary development of the country.

And right here let me make a special plea to you, to this Society and kindred societies. We Americans take a just pride in the development of our great universities, and more and more we are seeking to provide for creative and original work in these universities. I hope that an earnest effort will be made to endow chairs in American universities for the study of Celtic literature and for research in Celtic antiquities. (Prolonged applause.) It is only of recent years that the extraordinary wealth and beauty of the old Celtic Sagas have been fully appreciated, and we of America, who have so large a Celtic strain in our blood, cannot afford to be behind hand in the work of adding to modern scholarship by

bringing within its ken the great Celtic literature of the past. (Applause.)

My fellow countrymen, I have spoken to-night especially of what has been done for this nation of ours by men of Irish blood. But after all, in speaking to you or, to any other body of my fellow citizens, no matter from what old world country they themselves or their forefathers may have come, the great thing is to remember that we are all of us Americans. (Applause.) Let us keep our pride in the stocks from which we have sprung, but let us show that pride, not by holding aloof from one another, least of all by preserving the old world jealousies and bitternesses, but by joining in a spirit of generous rivalry to see which can do most for our great common country. (Applause.)

Americanism is not a matter of creed or birthplace or descent. That man is the best American who has in him the American spirit, the American soul. Such a man fears not the strong and harms not the weak. (Applause.) He scorns what is base or cruel or dishonest. He looks beyond the accidents of occupation or social condition and hails each of his fellow citizens as his brother, asking nothing save that each shall treat the other on his worth as a man, and that they shall all join together to do what in them lies for the uplifting of this mighty and vigorous people. (Applause.) In our veins runs the blood of many an old world nation. We are kin to each of these nations and yet identical with none.

Our policy should be one of cordial friendship for them all, and yet we should keep ever before our eyes the fact that we are ourselves a separate people with our own ideals and standards, and destined, whether for better or for worse, to work out a wholly new national type. (Applause.) The fate of the twentieth century will in no small degree—I ask you to think of this from the standpoint of the world—the

fate of the twentieth century as it bears on the world will in no small degree depend upon the type of citizenship developed on this continent. (Applause.) Surely such a thought must thrill us with the resolute purpose so to bear ourselves that the name American shall stand as the symbol of just, generous and fearless treatment of all men and all nations. (Applause.) Let us be true to ourselves, for we cannot then be false to any man. (Applause.)

(Prolonged applause, cheering, the orchestra playing the Star Spangled Banner, the audience singing, "For He Is a Jolly Good Fellow.")

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD: It is not surprising that such a wave of enthusiasm should pass over this audience, especially in view of the splendid sentiments so eloquently expressed by the President. We thank him for his broad and generous utterances and for the noble tribute he has so emphatically paid to our race for its contributions to America's greatness, and I now take great pleasure in presenting a valued and beloved friend and brother, who is ever with us in sentiment and sympathy, but all too rarely among us in person, Mr. Justice Martin J. Keogh, who will respond to the toast of "Ireland's Revival." (Prolonged applause, the orchestra playing "Mavourneen," the audience joining in singing.)

THE IRISH AWAKENING.

ADDRESS OF MR. JUSTICE MARTIN J. KEOGH, of the Supreme Court, of the State of New York.

Judge Fitzgerald, Mr. President and Gentlemen:

At least once a year the Irishmen of New York assemble to hear their virtues extolled and their few vices de-

fended. I have been asked to speak on a new theme, the Irish Revival, not in New York, where our activities never slumber, but in Ireland. I have no grievance to bewail, no message of misery to deliver. But like thousands of my race, I see in the Ireland of to-day signs of an intelligent self-reliance; I see in the remnant of the race still left there signs of an awakening, spiritual, industrial and racial. They have found an outlook as well as a memory; they are facing the future, not in the vengeful spirit of the past, but in good heart to reconstruct a country that in speech and in spirit shall be Celtic, and not Saxon (applause); an erect, a self-respecting people whose eyes shall not be forever set on the British Parliament, bullying when they can and begging when they may, a people who have less political zeal than native spirit.

This awakening is most remarkable. No message bore it from the great seats of learning; no clear call from leaders of men awakened it; no light appeared in the heavens to startle the jaded senses and kindle the imagination of our waiting race. All that was done before with genius and with heroism, but this revival is not their fruit. The Gaelic and native revival has sprung from the national loins; its life breath is native spirit and its goal is a country Irish and un-English in its marrow. It is not political at all, and will cease to be national when it becomes political. Nearly all former popular awakenings in Ireland were political. Grattan, O'Connell, Parnell, each led the people in political struggles. O'Connell led a nation of slaves up to the foot of the throne, where they supplicated for liberty of conscience. Parnell personified in his weird and majestic leadership the bitter hate of a people who felt the lash on their backs and the brand of serfdom on their brows, and who fought like animals at bay in defense of the hovels that sheltered them and the bit of land on which they were born. But

each political struggle led the people as mendicants to England, when they should have been helping themselves. They were taught that the magic of an act of Parliament could satisfy the yearnings of nationhood and supply the comforts of prosperity. 'Tis true that, even as the lamp of faith was kept burning in its holy sanctuary, so too was the torch of Irish nationality always somewhere kept alive by the few constant hearts who worshipped at its shrine.

This was the state of affairs not many years ago, when that most learned, modest and pure Celt, Douglas Hyde (ap-
plause), founded the Gaelic League, went down to the people and found in their hearts the dormant seeds of Irish nationality. From small beginnings, by leaps and bounds the work spread until to-day Gaelic is taught in upwards of 1,600 schools. The people are brought into vital contact with the things about them. They are beginning to think and to read. They are learning in their native publications that they belong to an ancient race with a noble history made up of deeds greater than fighting and of things higher than the dreary record of political factions and unchristian religious resentments. The peasants are being taught once again the traditions, the folk lore, the music, the song, the native sports, all of which in times of great political activity were passing one by one out of the life of the people.

The land about them, the rivers, the hills, the ruins which to their melancholy spirit were only land, water and crumbling stones, are to-day associated in the minds of their young with delightful legends of a brave, cultured and joyous race; and with this yearning for knowledge of their country and pride in its past there has come a native call from all clases in the land for Irish literature, and that call is being splendidly responded to by Lady Gregory, Yeats, Russell, Hyde and a score of others who are making the fields ring with Celtic songs and the hillsides echo with

their melody. (Applause.) The fireside of the peasant is once again the nursery of rhyme, and the whole land is throbbing with a spirit of native nationality.

While all of this is making the old land a pleasanter place for the native to live in, he is looking about for work at home at which he can earn enough to live in passing comfort, to marry and multiply. And with this desire to stay at home has come the industrial and agricultural revival. The people are being taught the uses of co-operation, the rewards of industry and self-reliance. The old happy-go-lucky way of tilling the soil for the pleasure and hilarity to be derived from a sale of its products in the market is abandoned for more intelligent and profitable methods. Technical schools are being established throughout the land, where the youth of Ireland are being prepared for industrial life, and the whole country is being slowly vitalized and emotionalized from the bottom up, because you cannot teach an Irishman through his intellect alone; you must make a truce with his memories and his emotions; you cannot reach his mind in a way that may offend his feelings. The work at home is to teach him how to use his serious talents without losing his love of the supernatural, his Celtic dreams and native sentiment. (Applause.)

With all this there is going on the same old battle for legislative independence which is waged as courageously and unselfishly to-day by the representatives of the people as it was ever before in the history of our country. The spirit of to-day should be to help any one of these works that you think well of, but the pity of it must not be that any man or band of men shall harm the least good work of another who is trying to serve his country by different means. (Applause.)

The Irishman in this country who has been successful in industrial life can be of enormous benefit to Ireland at the

present time, if he will examine into the industrial resources of the country and see if capital may not safely be invested there. The youth of Ireland will respond more freely to American leadership than English leadership, and will respond to Irish leadership and enterprise more swiftly than to either, and may I say that it would be a unique result from a St. Patrick's night dinner if some one or two wealthy Irish-Americans would find an opportunity for investing a part of their fortunes in developing the industrial resources of Ireland (applause), and thus help the youth of the country in the vital effort they are making to get employment in their native land.

We dwell too much in the ashes of the dead past, recalling the sufferings of our ancestors, all of which, true, they bore with the heroism of stoics and the fortitude of martyrs. But does it not occur to us sometimes that our fathers who endured all this did so with far less complaint than do we, their prosperous descendants? The memory of those bitter days and deeds has fed, as with an unholy flame, the bitter passion of national hate until to-day wherever an Irishman lives he exults in England's misfortunes, grieves at her success and prays for her overthrow. Hate is foreign to the Celtic nature. (Applause.) There is no attribute in it harder to foster and easier to efface. How grievous must have been the injustice and how bitter the memories to thus chill and embitter the genial current of the Celtic soul. The Irishman was made for love, for comradeship, for forgiveness. When will English statesmen awaken to this common knowledge? (Applause.)

The Ireland of to-day is unique; she has faith in her star; spurred by the spirit of her past, her people are putting their hands with intelligent wit to the work about them. In olden days they waited while they watched the struggle for Home Rule, for a Catholic University and for peasant pro-

prietary. To-day they are working while they wait. But neither by Home Rule nor by peasant proprietors, nor even by a Catholic University, can you barter for the submission or satisfy the aspirations of the race. The Ireland of our ideal must be something more vital, racial and life giving than all this.

The Ireland of to-day is poor, her millions are few, and the people are leaving her in thousands; and the question is asked, Is it worth while to save the land for those who remain, had they not better come here and become prosperous citizens like you? (Cries of "No, no!") The material success gained will be nothing compared to the loss to them and to humanity when an ancient and humanizing nationality becomes extinct. There is a place yet, thank God, in the world for weak and poor nations! A nation with no flag, no navy, no army, nor an overflowing treasury, can yet give mankind something worth living for, yes, and things worth dying for. (Applause.)

America could to-day better lose half a dozen of her battleships, yes, all her battleships, than lose the poetry of Longfellow and Whittier; and better lose all her trusts than the immortal Declaration of Independence. (Applause.)

The Irishman at home, tilling his native soil, surrounded by the peaceful and spiritualizing influences that are the priceless inheritance of our race, blessed with enough returns for his labor to bring up and educate his family; looking out at the close of day on an Irish hillside, or at night surrounded by his children revelling in the legends of the country, all about him; and, above all, blessed by God with content, has treasures which your money cannot buy, your honors cannot bring, and which citizenship even in a great country may not bestow. (Applause.)

This was the kind of Irishman that Ireland sent you fifty, sixty, seventy years ago, poor, unlearned, simple, who

won for us all a warm place in the great heart of the American people. With nothing but his strong frame, his clean mind, and what Matthew Arnold called "the magic charm of the Celt," he was happy here without riches, respected without office, and his honest toil made easy the possession of the soft places of the land for his descendants. (Applause.)

And the Irishmen of to-day are noiselessly taking up the implements of industry and patiently learning to use them. They are putting away the trappings and baubles of politics and expelling the demon of religious discord from out their unhappy land, and, irrespective of creed or class or condition, they are being welded into one by the glow of native sentiment; and there, ere long, by intelligent industry, the rivers that for ages idly flowed through Irish fields will turn the wheels of machinery on their way to the sea; the smiling valleys will repay with abundant crops and flocks the Irishman's gladsome toil, and the Celt, facing the morning in the cradle of the race, will yet come into his birth-right. (Prolonged applause.)

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD.—Gentlemen: We are going to vary the exercises and for a time suspend the flow of oratory. You will not regret the change when I announce that it is made to afford us the pleasure of listening to a bard of Erin. Our gifted vice-president has prepared a poem specially for the occasion, the theme of which will, I know, be recognized and appreciated by President Roosevelt. I take pleasure in introducing Mr. Joseph I. C. Clarke. (Applause.)

(The orchestra then played "The Wearing of the Green.")

Mr. Clarke then arose and read the following poem:

ROUGH RIDER BUCKY O'NEILL.

When the cresset of war blazed over the land,
And a call rang fierce thro' the West,
Saying, "Rough Riders, come to the roll of the drum!"
They came with their bravest and best.
With a clatter of hoofs and a stormy hail;
Sinewy, lean and tall and brown;
Hunters and fighters and men of the trail,
From hills and plains, from college and town;
With the cowboy yell and the redman's whoop,
Sons of thunder and swingers of steel;
And, leading his own Arizona troop,
Rode glad and fearless "Bucky" O'Neill!

In the ranks there was Irish blood galore,
As it ever is sure to be
When the Union flag is flung to the fore
And the fight is to make men free.
There were Kellys, and Murphys, and Burkes, and Doyle's—
The colonel owned an O'Brien strain—
And the lift of the race made a glow on each face
When they met on the Texan plain.
But the man of them all with the iron will,
Man and soldier from crown to heel,
A leader and master in games that kill,
Was soft voiced Captain "Bucky" O'Neill!

On watch, in the valley or charging the height,
In a plunge 'cross the steep ravine,
San Juan or Las Guasimas, battle or fight,
Or a rush thro' the jungle screen,

Where the wave of the war took the battling host
The Rough Riders fronted the storm,
And their dead on the rocks of red glory tossed
Amid spray with their life blood warm!
What wonder, then, holding his chivalrous vow
To stoop not, or crouch not or kneel,
That Death in hot anger struck full on the brow
Of the dauntless "Bucky" O'Neill?

O battle that tries out the hearts of the strong,
To your test he had answered true,
Who bent not his head and balked but at wrong,
Nor murmured what billet he drew!
In the cast of the terrible dice of doom
It came fair to his hand as well
To mount the high crest where the great laurels bloom,
Or to die at the foot where he fell.
And of such are the victors, and these alone
Shall be stamped with the hero seal,
And stirrup to stirrup they'll ride to the Throne
From the colonel to "Bucky" O'Neill!

(Great applause.)

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT: When I happened to open the programme to-night, I saw that Mr. Clarke was to recite a poem; I find it is a new poem; but I had hoped at first that it was to repeat that first-class poem on "Kelly and Burke and Shea." (Applause.)

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD.—Gentlemen: By request of our honored Chief Magistrate, and as a personal favor to him, I must again trespass on Mr. Clarke, and ask him to recite his thrilling Irish military ballad of our times, "The Fighting Race."

President Roosevelt arose here, and addressing Mr. Clarke said, if by "The Fighting Race" is meant Kelly and Burke and Shea, do recite it, Mr. Clarke.

Mr. Clarke, then, amid great enthusiasm, read the poem, as follows:

THE FIGHTING RACE.

"Read out the names!" and Burke sat back,
And Kelly dropped his head.
While Shea—they call him Scholar Jack—
Went down the list of the dead.
Officers, seamen, gunners, marines,
The crews of the gig and yawl,
The bearded man and the lad in his teens,
Carpenters, coal passers—all.
Then, knocking the ashes from out his pipe,
Said Burke in an offhand way:
"We're all in that dead man's list by Cripe!
Kelly and Burke and Shea."
"Well, here's to the Maine, and I'm sorry for Spain,"
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

"Wherever there's Kellys there's trouble," said Burke,
"Wherever fighting's the game,
Or a spice of danger in grown man's work,"
Said Kelly "you'll find my name."
"And do we fall short," said Burke, getting mad,
"When it's touch and go for life?"
Said Shea, 'It's thirty-odd years, bedad,
Since I charged to drum and fife
Up Marye's Heights, and my old canteen
Stopped a rebel ball on its way,

There were blossoms of blood on our sprigs of green—
Kelly and Burke and Shea—
And the dead didn't brag." "Well, here's to the flag!"
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

"I wish 'twas in Ireland, for there's the place,"
Said Burke, "that we'd die by right,
In the cradle of our soldier race,
After one good stand-up fight.
My grandfather fell on Vinegar Hill,
And fighting was not his trade;
But his rusty pike's in the cabin still,
With Hessian blood on the blade."
"Aye, aye," said Kelly, "the pikes were great
When the word was 'clear the way!'
We were thick on the roll in ninety-eight—
Kelly and Burke and Shea."
"Well, here's to the pike and the sword and the like!"
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

And Shea, the scholar, with rising joy,
Said, "We were at Ramillies,
We left our bones at Fontenoy
And up in the Pyrenees.
Before Dunkirk, on Landen's plain,
Cremona, Lille and Ghent,
We're all over Austria, France and Spain,
Wherever they pitched a tent.
We've died for England, from Waterloo
To Egypt and Dargai;
And still there's enough for a corps or a crew,
Kelly and Burke and Shea."
"Well, here is to good honest fighting blood!"
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

“Oh, the fighting races don’t die out,
 If they seldom die in bed,
 For love is first in their hearts, no doubt,”
 said Burke; then Kelly said,
 “When Michael, the Irish Archangel, stands,
 The angel with the sword,
 And the battle-dead from a hundred lands
 Are ranged in one big horde,
 Our line, that for Gabriel’s trumpet waits,
 Will stretch three deep that day,
 From Jehosaphat to the Golden Gates—
 Kelly and Burke and Shea.”
 “Well, here’s thank God for the race and the sod!”
 Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

(Prolonged applause.)

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD.—Gentlemen: The first sad note of the night must, I regret, now be sounded, but the hour advances, and the President, who came from Washington for the special purpose of attending our banquet, must leave for the return night journey to the Capitol. We again thank him and wish him health, happiness and continuous prosperity. May we see him on many future occasions at our board. Speed him on his way with three ringing and vociferous cheers. I ask you now to rise and give three louder cheers than any you have given to-night, so far, for Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States.

(Three hearty cheers were then given, the audience again singing, “For He is a Jolly Good Fellow.”)

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD.—Gentlemen: Mr. Joseph I. C. Clarke established the fact that the spirit of Irish poesy is still among us, and gave us an exhibition worthy

of the minstrels of old. The personification of our traditional oratory is upon this *dais*. He is going to respond to the sentiment of the celebration, the sentiment dear to the heart of every true son of Ireland no matter where he may be found to-night, in his island home, throughout the length and breadth of this fair land, in far Australia or scattered archipelagoes. I ask you to rise and drink to the toast of "The Day We Celebrate," and I call upon an orator whose fame is international and whose eloquence is peerless, Hon. William Bourke Cockran, to respond. (Applause.)

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE.

ADDRESS OF HON. W. BOURKE COCKRAN.

FELLOW MEMBERS OF THE FRIENDLY SONS: This has been a most remarkable celebration of St. Patrick's Day. The attendance of the illustrious man who is at once the most valued of our membership and the most distinguished in our citizenship; the assemblage that has gathered to meet him, imposing no less in character than in numbers; the words that have fallen from his lips; the unstinted applause which have greeted speech and speaker, all combine to make this a memorable anniversary. National festivities are always interesting for what they recall; important for what they portend. As the conduct of a man in any emergency may usually be inferred from the character which he has established, the course and destiny of a nation may be estimated from the history which it has made. What then is the lesson of the day we celebrate? What events does it recall? What achievements does it commemorate? What future developments does it foreshadow? The day we celebrate is admittedly the oldest national festival in Christen-

dom, and I think it capable of demonstration that it is the most important. It is the only civic holiday which carries us back to the days when the old Roman Empire was still standing, all her dominions yet intact. It commemorates the fall of that hideously vicious system, built on servitude and oppression, fruitful of corruption and decay whose overthrow was absolutely essential to the welfare and even to the existence of the human race. It explains how this wholesome, expanding, ennobling civilization of ours—built on justice and freedom, fruitful of progress and prosperity—was evolved from the ruins of Roman imperialism. It does more. It justifies the belief, that wonderful as are the achievements of our civilization, they indicate but faintly the splendor of its prospects.

The original essential qualities of the Irish race were neither lost nor dulled by their acceptance with marvelous unanimity and promptness of the faith preached by Patrick. The bravery and love of adventure which had previously inspired many invasions of Britain and Gaul, which had led Dathi across the Alps to the pillage of the Italian cities remained characteristic of the Irish race, but now they were employed on a very different field. While other northern tribes were swarming over the provinces of the Roman Empire, sacking towns, plundering villages, desolating fields, the Irish, equally adventurous and bravest of all, devoted themselves with greater industry and nobler courage not to the pillage or injury of their fellows, but to their service. Hardier than any other race, their barks were launched upon every sea and rode every wave; their footsteps pressed the sands of every shore, their voices were heard in every land. No peril daunted them, no difficulty repelled them, no distance dismayed them in their eager pursuit of conquest; but the conquests they sought were not of countries to despoil them, but of souls to save them. (Applause.) They de-

scended on England and there they kindled the light of truth. In Scotland they planted the faith and established churches to guard it. Through all the cities and villages of Gaul they travelled. Into the heart of the German forests they penetrated. Far away Iceland shows traces of their indomitable courage and unquenchable fervor. There is even reason to believe that they reached these shores under St. Brendan. Everywhere preaching and teaching the gospel of peace, of forbearance, of mutual love and mutual assistance to savage tribes whose occupation was pillage and whose passion was war; compelling the respect of these rude warriors by the fortitude with which they endured privation, the eagerness with which they risked death and injury, not to enrich themselves, but to aid the weak, relieve the suffering, shrive the dying; founding monasteries, starting industries, establishing schools for the preservation of letters—they worked a complete change in human conditions and in their labors founded the whole structure of modern civilization. (Applause.)

That all modern civilization is due to the labor of Irish missionaries is now disputed by no one. It is one of the few facts in history on which men of all creeds, and of no creed, concur. No one will deny that the capital fruit of Christian civilization is democratic institutions. As these Irish missionaries were the main sources of the civilization which has finally flowered into free government on this soil, they were clearly the original, though remote sources of this republic and of all free governments everywhere. (Applause.)

But the contribution of Irishmen to the establishment of this republic was not solely the labors of Irish missionaries in spreading ages ago, the ethical principles on which all free governments must rest. The speech of the President reminded us, and all contemporary records prove, that

the independence of this country was won largely by the valor and patriotism of Irish warriors, who thronged the revolutionary army which Washington led to ultimate and glorious triumph. (Applause.) As Irish missionaries in centuries long past were the chief forces in spreading throughout the world that Christian civilization which is the sole foundation of freedom, and as Irish warriors were among the strongest forces in establishing on this continent democratic institutions—the inevitable and glorious fruit of Christianity—may we not hope, nay, are we not bound to believe, that Irishmen in the century which is opening will be the chief agents to preserve republican government from perils and dangers caused by the very prosperity which it has produced. (Applause.) The most marvelous feature of modern history is the survival in all its purity of the Irish race, notwithstanding the powerful forces arrayed against its existence.

For a thousand years Ireland has been the victim of such invasions and oppressive laws, that she who was at one time the seat of learning and of commerce, whose schools were famous all over the world, who was first to reach, and long to occupy the highest degree of prosperity in Christendom, has been plunged in a poverty and distress growing steadily deeper, while everywhere else the human race has been making long strides on the pathway of progress.

First, the Danes from the Northern Seas descended on her shores, robbing, killing, devastating, burning on every side. Schools were closed, churches desecrated, fields laid waste during one hundred years of almost continuous war. By a supreme effort Ireland united under Brian Boru and drove these invaders from her shores, and at once industry began to revive, bringing back in its train learning and the arts. But its revival was checked by a new and deadlier blight which fell upon the land, destroying the last rem-

nants of prosperity, extinguishing every spark of learning and paralyzing the productive energies of the people, though nothing could make them recreants to faith or country. For eight centuries the Saxon has been able to deprive Ireland of independence and to deny her opportunity to establish prosperity. But though he has warred on it unceasingly and ruthlessly, he has never succeeded in destroying Irish nationality. (Applause.)

When Patrick began his mission, the whole civilized world was trembling on the edge of a mighty convulsion in which perished all the governments, dynasties and nations then existing in what is now known as Christendom. All the races then inhabiting Europe have become extinct. The tongues they spoke, where they survive at all, are dead languages. The Irish alone remain occupants of the same soil, speaking the same tongue, as purely Celtic as when Patrick addressed the assembled kings at Tara. (Applause.) The year of his escape marked a recrudescence of the Roman Empire, when all its territory, reunited under the dominion of Theodosius, appeared to promise a permanent revival of its ancient splendor. But this proved to be only an expiring effort before final dissolution. It was while he was preparing himself for his mission that the Gauls under Alaric, surrounded Rome, and the imperial city, which for eleven centuries had maintained her authority as mistress of the West, became the prey of barbarians. Her walls were stormed, her palaces pillaged, her houses plundered, her inhabitants made the victims of nameless outrages. The stores of gold and silver and precious stones, accumulated during centuries of conquest, were carried away by savage hordes, while at about the same time, the withdrawal of the Roman legions from Britain by the Emperor Honorius was a definite abandonment of that province and the first actual dismemberment of the Roman empire. As Patrick was near-

ing Ireland to begin his mission, the Vandals, under Genseric, were establishing their kingdom in Northern Africa. While Patrick was completing his mission, having finally overthrown paganism in Ireland, a mission from the Roman Senate was announcing to the Emperor at Constantinople the final fall of the empire in the West. As the empire fell, the warriors who overthrew it and the degenerate legions which proved unable to defend it, were engulfed in its ruins. Nothing is left of Alaric or his hordes. He and his plunder remain in the bed of the Italian stream, their exact resting place unknown, beneath the waters which have long since resumed their course to the sea. Genseric and his Vandals have vanished with the kingdom which they founded. Of Attila and his hosts there is no other trace than the record of that dark torrent flowing from his mouth which established the irresistible power of the God whose scourge he had impiously and arrogantly claimed to be. Goth and Ostro-Goth, Vandal and Hun, all have disappeared. Their languages have perished. The graves where they lie are unknown. But the mission of Patrick still remains. His conquest is still intact. His empire is unimpaired and forever growing. It is conspicuous wherever Christian men and women have established political institutions, based on the principle that all men are equal in the eye of the law. It flourishes wherever schools and universities are training the youth of free countries to support loyally the political institutions which assure justice and equal rights to all. It finds its best theatre and widest field of growth upon this soil where churches are multiplying, from whose pulpits are preached the truths which are the sole reliable foundations of democratic government. (Applause.)

It must be remembered that all these races which have disappeared were not the victims of persecution. They perished, not through any attempts to exterminate them, but

often in spite of vigorous efforts to save them; while the Irish remain as purely Celtic as when Dathi crossed the Alps, and this in spite of every effort to destroy them which ingenuity could suggest, malevolence contrive, boundless wealth and power enforce.

In the economy of nature nothing is wasted, and therefore, the preservation of the Irish race of itself justifies the belief that it has been preserved for some great end. And here we are inspired by an event in the career of the saint whose mission we commemorate to-night.

As his long life was drawing to a close, as he witnessed the extraordinary harvest already yielded by the seed which he had planted, as he saw the tide of missionaries destined to spread the light of Christian civilization all over the world, already beginning to flow from the island which he had converted, he was favored with a wonderful vision. We are told that he saw a mighty flame, the base of which covered the whole island, and the top of which reached to Heaven, so that it was visible throughout the civilized world, while he heard the voice of an angel saying: "Behold Ireland as she is." After a little while the flame appeared to be less brilliant and it continued to decline, until it was seen burning only upon some mountain tops, where the lights grew ever fainter, till nothing was visible except a few points flickering like tapers in the wind. At last, even these died out completely, and the whole island was wrapped in thick darkness, except for a few coals buried deep in the earth which still glowed faintly—almost imperceptibly. And the voice of the angel was heard again, saying: "Behold Ireland as she will be." At this melancholy spectacle the saint broke into fervent prayer and begged the master, whom he had served so faithfully and so effectively, to let that darkness pass from the face of the island on which his labors had been so faithful. For a long while no answer

was vouchsafed. The gloom continued deep and impenetrable. But the confidence of Patrick was unshaken. Not for a moment were his prayers relaxed. At last the voice of the angel was heard again, bidding him look to the north. And over Ulster he saw a faint light. For a long time it struggled with the darkness without making any apparent progress, but gradually the flame brightened and broadened until its base again covered the island and its summit once more reached Heaven, while its brilliancy was vastly greater than before. And the voice of the angel was heard once more saying: "Behold Ireland as she shall be." History shows that the melancholy part of this vision has been amply fulfilled. Dane and Saxon have succeeded in plunging the island into gloom and darkness for a thousand years. But have we not some reason for believing that the light is already visible over Ulster, which under God's providence, may promise the regeneration of the island?

Already the soil of Ireland is passing into the hands of the Irish people, but more important than the acquisition of their soil is the fact that it has been accomplished through a law which was passed by the co-operation of Protestant and Catholic, of Ulster and Munster, and of every element that constitutes the Irish people. Indeed, the Protestants of the North were among the most potent forces which achieved this decisive victory. May we not hail this co-operation as the first appearance of that light over the north which in Saint Patrick's vision ultimately dispelled the darkness than had covered the island? True, Ulster still affected by ancient enmities, prejudices and apprehensions, as yet declines to join the rest of the island in a demand for national autonomy. But we must remember that in Patrick's vision there was a long delay before the light which dawned in the north finally and completely dispelled the gloomy cloud which had enwrapped the island. And so the struggle

between the dawning light of national reunion and the thick clouds of bitter religious and hereditary racial prejudice may be some time in progress, but the result is absolutely certain. As the beneficent fruits of the recent land legislation become conspicuous, Irishmen of all sects will realize the value of co-operation, the folly of disunion, and before that conviction the clouds of gloom, animosity and distrust which have kept them so long apart will vanish and disappear. (Applause.)

The Irish, as the President has told you to-night, are not only the best fighters, but the best workers in the world. Irishmen have proved their industrial efficiency in this country, as they have proved their capacity for battle all over the world. On their own soil they have an opportunity now to exercise this wonderful industrial capacity, and they will so improve this opportunity that the prosperity certain to result will make the whole nation, Protestant and Catholic, rich and poor, north and south, unanimous in demanding the extension of popular rights. Before that unanimous demand, resistance will be impossible and will not be attempted. The light presaged by that which Saint Patrick saw in his vision will spread all over the country. The entire island will be its base; Heaven its summit; the whole world—a larger world than Saint Patrick knew—will be its vastly wider field of influence. (Applause.)

My friend, Judge Keogh, told you of a revival which has taken place in Ireland. It was a beautiful picture that he drew, and I believe it is in process of realization. I am glad the Irish people are turning their attention to industry, with hope, enthusiasm and determination. But they cannot and will not abandon a single demand which is based on justice and which patriotism enjoins. Ireland has known prosperity of the highest and distress of the worst. She has passed through every intervening condition. But there

is one experience she has never had. Wrong, hideous wrong, she has suffered in every form. But wrong to another nation she has never done herself, since Patrick diverted the genius and courage of her people from enterprises of war and pillage to enterprises of civilization. The Irish are the only people who have never been guilty of injustice anywhere. There is not a nation in the world that can trace a national injury to Ireland. Wherever Irishmen have visited a country it has not been to injure, but to benefit it, not to plunder its people ruthlessly, but to cultivate its soil diligently. The same virtues which prevent a nation from stooping to injustice must forbid it from ever encouraging injustice by abjectly submitting to it. There are two ways by which you can be a party to injustice; one is by perpetrating it, the other is by permitting it. Irishmen never have done either, and neither will they ever do. (Applause.)

I believe Ireland is on the verge of a great industrial revival, not because she will abandon her struggles for national justice, but because justice, ample and complete, will be done her, and her political rights being established, all her energies will be successfully and triumphantly exercised in restoring her industrial prosperity. (Applause.) That prosperity awaits her, greater than any she has ever known, is, I think, beyond all doubt or question.

Yet if I could see before her merely the restoration of material prosperity I would not ask you to rejoice in it as the crowning glory of the day we celebrate. I ask you to rejoice in the future not merely because it reveals the land we love, teeming with wealth and prosperity, but because I believe that the manner in which Irish industrial laborers will establish their prosperity and the use they will make of it are certain to constitute a service to civilization in the centuries that are coming equal to those rendered by Irish missionary laborers in the centuries that are gone.

The President has told you to-night that the safety of this republic lies in the improvement of the individual units which constitute it. There is but one force equal to this enormous task, and that is the force which we glorify on the day we celebrate. St. Patrick's mission was not to a nation, to a city, to a society, or to a corporation, but to each individual Irishman. He preached a gospel of individual improvement addressed by its divine Author to each separate human unit, but as each Irishman was improved, converted, Christianized, he became a fit agent to sustain in security free and representative institutions. (Applause.) There is no other safety for democratic government, and for the civilization based on human freedom, than unswerving loyalty to its fundamental truths. Christianity itself must solve the difficulties which Christianity has created. The prosperity which springs from freedom must be maintained by the forces which have created freedom. There can be no danger to free government while it rests upon the pillars capable of supporting it—upon prosperous families presided over by pure women, supported by industrious men, guarded by upright men, protected by valiant men. (Applause.)

It is surely an auspicious feature of this occasion that we have with us the man who above all others embodies in himself those virtues which are the distinguishing characteristic of the Irish race. I am glad of an opportunity to pay him this tribute. The most remarkable feature of the last election was the refusal of Irish voters to be guided by advisers to whom formerly they had usually listened. (Laughter.) I am one of these whose advice was disregarded. (Applause.) I think I cannot do better than close my share of this evening's entertainment by explaining why the action of the Irish people in rallying at the last election to the support of a Republican candidate for the presidency,

may be considered a proof of their loyal attachment to the principles and traditions embodied in the day we celebrate. I believe that it is the duty of every man in politics to support the principle which he cherishes rather than the particular man whom he may chance to hold in the higher personal regard. It is equally his duty to accept loyally the verdict of the people, after it has been rendered. The American people, by a majority of two and one-half millions, declared for the re-election of the President. If I had had my way that majority would have been cast in the other direction. But the people having decided, it is the duty of every American citizen to vindicate that enormous majority. (Applause.) Every man now should labor to show that the American people were right in the conclusion which they have reached. And I believe it is safe to say they are always right. That concession I am willing to make, even though it involves a certain reflection on my own sagacity. (Applause and laughter.) But, my friends, I am not willing to concede that the election of Mr. Roosevelt was a victory for any political party. I believe on the contrary it was an expression by the American people of admiration for certain simple elemental virtues which are the glory of American citizenship. I do not accept the result as a declaration for or against high tariffs or military enterprises but I do think it was a declaration of popular confidence in a man universally believed to be the possessor and embodiment of these virtues. The American people may not have meant to proclaim him chief among the greatest men in the country. But they certainly believe him to be among the best men in the country. (Applause.) They may not believe that he will be right in every conclusion that he may reach, but they have no doubt whatever that he will always try to be right in every act he may undertake. (Applause.) Whether his policies be sound or unsound; whether his

public actions be wise or unwise; every American believes that under no circumstances could he ever stoop to covet his neighbor's goods, or to covet his neighbor's wife, nor does any one doubt that he would promptly throw any man out of the nearest window who ventured a base suggestion in his hearing. (Applause.)

The national verdict viewed in this light may afford us all grounds of satisfaction. For it means that the American people themselves are so warmly attached to these elemental virtues that the institutions which rest upon them can never be overthrown in this country. (Applause.) I do not mean to say, nor do I believe, that the American people thought the opponent of Mr. Roosevelt lacking in these virtues, but I think they believed Mr. Roosevelt was the man who would fight for them quicker and harder than any other man in the United States. (Applause.)

My friends, it is surely no exaggeration to say that this festival is not merely the oldest, but the most important civic holiday in Christendom, since it commemorates the establishment of Christian civilization throughout the world; the fruits which that civilization has borne, the indomitable faith and courage by which its triumph was accomplished, and at the same time glorifies the spotless purity of Irish women, the dauntless valor of Irish warriors, the industrial efficiency of Irish workers by which new triumphs of freedom and progress will be achieved, not for Ireland alone, but for the whole human family. These being the influences that surround us and inspire us to-night, let us crown this celebration and close this banquet by drinking one last bumper to the chief guest of the evening—not to the President of the United States; his health has already been drunk—but to the man who has shown himself brave in battle, tireless in labor, most keenly sensitive to the supreme function of womanhood—to Theodore Roosevelt, a shining orna-

ment of the citizenship which we value, a staunch defender of the republic which we love, a living embodiment of the qualities and virtues which we honor on the day we celebrate. (Loud and long-continued applause, the toast being responded to by the audience rising.)

At the close of Mr. Cockran's speech there occurred a touching incident. Judge Fitzgerald rose and said:

Gentlemen: Fifty years ago to-night the Society held its anniversary banquet at the Astor House in this city. The gentleman who presided at that banquet as President of the Friendly Sons, is here to-night. I ask you to drink his health, the health of Samuel Sloan. (Applause, the toast being heartily responded to.)

Mr. Samuel Sloan then arose and smilingly bowed his acknowledgment to an enthusiastic greeting.

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD.—Gentlemen: The last toast of the evening, "Our Home, the Imperial City of New York, the Future Metropolis of the World," will be responded to by one of the most highly esteemed of our municipal officials—the personal friend of every man in the banquet hall—Hon. John J. Delany.

(Applause, the orchestra playing "The Bowery.")

ADDRESS OF HON. JOHN J. DELANY.

Mr. President and Gentlemen: I do not believe that any man except one who had sprung from the Irish race, who was possessed of that indomitable perseverance and that exalted fortitude which characterizes the race, would have the nerve at this hour of the night to get up and detain you in your seats. However, in order that the pro-

gramme may be carried out, notwithstanding the fact that you have been seated for five hours, I shall pay my respects to the greatest Irish city in the world and take my seat and let you go home.

This is the greatest Irish city in the world. If the population of Cork, of Dublin and Belfast were all combined, there would not be as many souls as there are within the confines of this city with Irish blood in their veins. There never has been in the history of the Irish race a city in all the world that opened its arms and took the Irish immigrants to its breast with the fondness of a mother like this great imperial city of New York. (Applause.)

New York owes much to Irishmen and Irishmen owe a great deal to New York. But lest perhaps I should become rhapsodical about the virtues of Irishmen in New York, I will let you carry your virtuous dispositions home with you, lest perhaps if I detained you later, you might make manifestations of those vices which sometimes Irishmen betray. I thank you for your kindness and will not detain you any longer at this late hour. (Applause.)

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD.—Gentlemen: This concludes the exercises of the evening. I congratulate the Society upon the occasion, and wish you one and all many happy returns.

The proceedings here terminated.

During the evening telegrams of congratulation and fraternal greeting were received from the Hibernian Society, of Savannah, Ga.; Hibernian Society, of Charleston, S. C.; The Charitable Irish Society, of Boston; Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, of Cincinnati; Celtic Club, of Newark; St. Patrick's Society, of Montreal; Celtic Sons of Washington, Seattle.



SOUVENIR BADGE

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 ST. NICHOLAS SOCIETY,
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 HON. JAMES A. O'GORMAN, Justice of the Supreme Court.
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 HON. SAMUEL SLOAN.
 WILLIAM LOEB, JR., Secretary to the President.
 DR. THOMAS ADDIS EMMET.
 HON. MARTIN J. KEOGH, Justice of the Supreme Court.
THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.
 HON. JAMES FITZGERALD, Justice of the Supreme Court.
 President of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick.
 HON. W. BOURKE COCKRAN, Member of Congress.
 HON. CHARLES H. VAN BRUNT, Presiding Justice, Appellate
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 HON. JOHN J. DELANY, Corporation Counsel.
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Nicholas J. Barrett	Hugh G. Connell
William J. Farrell	John H. McCarty
James Kearney	Frank M. Donohue



PLACES WHERE THE ANNIVERSARY DINNERS OF THE SOCIETY
HAVE BEEN HELD SINCE ITS ORGANIZATION TO
THE PRESENT TIME.

- 1784 Cape's Tavern. (Now No. 115 Broadway.)
- 1785 The Coffee House. (Mr. Bradford's, in Water
Street, near Wall Street.)
- 1786 The Coffee House.
- 1787 The Coffee House.
- 1788 Merchants' Coffee House. (S. E. Cor. Wall and
Water Streets.)
- 1789
to The City Tavern. (115 Broadway.)
- 1794
- 1795 The Tontine Coffee House. (N. W. Cor. Wall and
to Water Streets.)
- 1803
- 1804 The Old Coffee House. (In Water Street, near
Wall Street.)
- 1805 The Tontine Coffee House.
- 1806 The Tontine Coffee House.
- 1807 Phoenix Coffee House. (Wall Street.)
- 1808 Mechanics' Hall. (N. W. Cor. Broadway and Park
Place.)
- 1809
to The Tontine Coffee House.
- 1815
- 1816 Washington Hall. (Now No. 280 Broadway.)
- 1817 The Tontine Coffee House.
- 1818
to The Bank Coffee House. (S. E. Cor. Pine and Wil-
1832 liam Streets.)

1833 The City Hotel. (115 Broadway.)
 1834 The City Hotel.
 1835 The City Hotel.
 1836 Washington Hotel. (No. 1 Broadway.)
 1837 Washington Hotel.
 1838 Carlton House. (N. E. Cor. Broadway and Leonard
 Streets.)
 1839 City Hotel.
 1840 Niblo's Tavern. (Broadway and Prince Street.)
 1841
 to City Hotel.
 1846
 1847
 AND No dinners—Irish famine years.
 1848
 1849 City Hotel.
 1850 Delmonico's Hotel. (William Street.)
 1851
 to Astor House.
 1856
 1857
 to Metropolitan Hotel.
 1862
 1863 Delmonico's. (Broadway and Chambers Street.)
 1864
 to Delmonico's. (14th Street and Fifth Avenue.)
 1868
 1869 St. James Hotel.
 1870 St. James Hotel.
 1871 Hoffman House.
 1872 Hotel Brunswick.
 1873 Delmonico's. (14th Street and Fifth Avenue.)
 1874 Delmonico's. (14th Street and Fifth Avenue.)
 1875 Hoffman House.

1876 Delmonico's. (14th Street and Fifth Avenue.)
1877 Delmonico's. (14th Street and Fifth Avenue.)
1878 Metropolitan Hotel.
1879 Delmonico's. (Fifth Avenue and 14th Street.)
1880 Delmonico's. (Fifth Avenue and 14th Street.)
1881 Delmonico's. (Madison Square.)
1882 Delmonico's. (Madison Square.)
1883 Delmonico's. (Madison Square.)
1884 Hotel Brunswick.
1885
to Delmonico's. (Madison Square.)
1895
1896 Hotel Savoy.
1897 Waldorf.
1898 Waldorf-Astoria.
1899
to Delmonico's. (Fifth Avenue and 44th Street.)
1905

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF THE PRESIDENTS, TREASURERS AND
SECRETARIES OF THE SOCIETY FROM ITS
ORGANIZATION TO DATE.

<p style="text-align: center;">1784-1788</p> <p>DANIEL McCORMICK, <i>President</i> HUGH GAINÉ, <i>Treasurer</i> R. R. WADDELL, <i>Secretary</i></p>	<p style="text-align: center;">1805</p> <p>DANIEL McCORMICK, <i>President</i> JOHN CALDWELL, <i>Treasurer</i> R. R. WADDELL, <i>Secretary</i></p>
<p style="text-align: center;">1789-1790</p> <p>WILLIAM CONSTABLE, <i>President</i> HUGH GAINÉ, <i>Treasurer</i> R. R. WADDELL, <i>Secretary</i></p>	<p style="text-align: center;">1806</p> <p>DANIEL McCORMICK, <i>President</i> JOHN CALDWELL, <i>Treasurer</i> CHRISTOPHER PRINCE, <i>Secretary</i></p>
<p style="text-align: center;">1791</p> <p>ALEXANDER MACOMB, <i>President</i> HUGH GAINÉ, <i>Treasurer</i> R. R. WADDELL, <i>Secretary</i></p>	<p style="text-align: center;">1807-1808</p> <p>DANIEL McCORMICK, <i>President</i> JOHN CALDWELL, <i>Treasurer</i> R. R. WADDELL, <i>Secretary</i></p>
<p style="text-align: center;">1792</p> <p>THOMAS ROACH, <i>President</i> HUGH GAINÉ, <i>Treasurer</i> R. R. WADDELL, <i>Secretary</i></p>	<p style="text-align: center;">1809-1810</p> <p>DANIEL McCORMICK, <i>President</i> WILLIAM BRAYAR, <i>Treasurer</i> R. R. WADDELL, <i>Secretary</i></p>
<p style="text-align: center;">1793-1794</p> <p>DANIEL McCORMICK, <i>President</i> HUGH GAINÉ, <i>Treasurer</i> R. R. WADDELL, <i>Secretary</i></p>	<p style="text-align: center;">1811</p> <p>DANIEL McCORMICK, <i>President</i> JOHN CHAMBERS, <i>Treasurer</i> R. R. WADDELL, <i>Secretary</i></p>
<p style="text-align: center;">1795</p> <p>WILLIAM CONSTABLE, <i>President</i> HUGH GAINÉ, <i>Treasurer</i> R. R. WADDELL, <i>Secretary</i></p>	<p style="text-align: center;">1812-1814</p> <p>DANIEL McCORMICK, <i>President</i> JOHN CHAMBERS, <i>Treasurer</i> NATHAN McVICAR, <i>Secretary</i></p>
<p style="text-align: center;">1796</p> <p>GEORGE POLLOCK, <i>President</i> HUGH GAINÉ, <i>Treasurer</i> R. R. WADDELL, <i>Secretary</i></p>	<p style="text-align: center;">1815-1816</p> <p>DANIEL McCORMICK, <i>President</i> JOHN WOODWARD, <i>Treasurer</i> NATHAN McVICAR, <i>Secretary</i></p>
<p style="text-align: center;">1797-1804</p> <p>DANIEL McCORMICK, <i>President</i> WILLIAM HILL, <i>Treasurer</i> R. R. WADDELL, <i>Secretary</i></p>	<p style="text-align: center;">1817-1820</p> <p>DANIEL McCORMICK, <i>President</i> JAMES MAGEE, <i>Treasurer</i> J. MONTGOMERY, <i>Secretary</i></p>

1821-1824

DANIEL McCORMICK, *President*
MICHAEL MULDON, *Treasurer*
HARRIS BLOOD, *Secretary*

1825

DANIEL McCORMICK, *President*
MICHAEL MULDON, *Treasurer*
A. CHARTERS, *Secretary*

1826

DANIEL McCORMICK, *President*
J. B. MONTGOMERY, *Treasurer*
A. CHARTERS, *Secretary*

1827

DANIEL McCORMICK, *President*
J. B. MONTGOMERY, *Treasurer*
JOSEPH ALEXANDER, *Secretary*

1828

JOHN CHAMBERS, *President*
J. B. MONTGOMERY, *Treasurer*
JOSEPH ALEXANDER, *Secretary*

1829

JOHN CHAMBERS, *President*
J. B. MONTGOMERY, *Treasurer*
THOMAS CLEARY, *Secretary*

1830

JOHN CHAMBERS, *President*
JOHN WILSON, *Treasurer*
R. A. FITZGERALD, *Secretary*

1831

JOHN CHAMBERS, *President*
JOHN WILSON, *Treasurer*
DUDLEY PERSSE, *Secretary*

1832

JOHN CHAMBERS, *President*
JOHN MOORHEAD, *Treasurer*
DUDLEY PERSSE, *Secretary*

1833

JOHN CHAMBERS, *President*
JOHN MOORHEAD, *Treasurer*
GEORGE S. CORBITT, *Secretary*

1834

JAMES McBRIDE, *President*
GEORGE S. CORBITT, *Treasurer*
DUDLEY PERSSE, *Secretary*

1835-1836

CAMPBELL P. WHITE, *President*
SAMUEL OSBORNE, *Treasurer*
DUDLEY PERSSE, *Secretary*

1837

CAMPBELL P. WHITE, *President*
SAMUEL OSBORNE, *Treasurer*
ROBERT J. DILLON, *Secretary*

1838

CAMPBELL P. WHITE, *President*
ARTHUR STEWART, *Treasurer*
DUDLEY PERSSE, *Secretary*

1839-1840

DR. ROBERT HOGAN, *President*
ARTHUR STEWART, *Treasurer*
WILLIAM ARNOLD, *Secretary*

1841

DR. ROBERT HOGAN, *President*
ARTHUR STEWART, *Treasurer*
M. O. BARRY, *Secretary*

1842

DR. ROBERT HOGAN, *President*
CHARLES M. NANRY, *Treasurer*
M. O. BARRY, *Secretary*

1843-1844

JAMES REYBURN, *President*
CHARLES M. NANRY, *Treasurer*
CHARLES H. BIRNEY, *Secretary*

1845-1848

JAMES REYBURN, *President*
CHARLES M. NANRY, *Treasurer*
WILLIAM G. FITZGERALD, *Secretary*

1849-1850

JAMES REYBURN, *President*
CHARLES M. NANRY, *Treasurer*
CHARLES H. BIRNEY, *Secretary*

1851-1852

RICHARD BELL, *President*
CHARLES M. NANRY, *Treasurer*
CHARLES H. BIRNEY, *Secretary*

1867

HENRY L. HOGUET, *President*
WILLIAM WHITESIDE, *Treasurer*
JAMES REID, *Secretary*

1853

JOSEPH STUART, *President*
CHARLES M. NANRY, *Treasurer*
CHARLES H. BIRNEY, *Secretary*

1868

JOHN R. BRADY, *President*
WILLIAM WHITESIDE, *Treasurer*
JAMES REID, *Secretary*

1854-1856

JOSEPH STUART, *President*
CHARLES H. BIRNEY, *Treasurer*
RICHARD O'GORMAN, *Secretary*

1869

EUGENE KELLY, *President*
WILLIAM WHITESIDE, *Treasurer*
EDWARD BOYLE, *Secretary*

1857-1858

SAMUEL SLOAN, *President*
CHARLES H. BIRNEY, *Treasurer*
WALTER MAGEE, *Secretary*

1870

CHARLES P. DALY, *President*
WILLIAM WHITESIDE, *Treasurer*
EDWARD BOYLE, *Secretary*

1859

RICHARD O'GORMAN, *President*
CHARLES H. BIRNEY, *Treasurer*
WALTER MAGEE, *Secretary*

1871

JOHN R. BRADY, *President*
WILLIAM WHITESIDE, *Treasurer*
ROBERT J. HOGUET, *Secretary*

1860-1862

CHARLES P. DALY, *President*
CHARLES H. BIRNEY, *Treasurer*
THOMAS BARBOUR, *Secretary*

1872-1874

JOHN R. BRADY, *President*
WILLIAM WHITESIDE, *Treasurer*
S. O. A. MURPHY, *Secretary*

1863

JAMES T. BRADY, *President*
CHARLES H. BIRNEY, *Treasurer*
THOMAS BARBOUR, *Secretary*

1875

THOMAS BARBOUR, *President*
WILLIAM WHITESIDE, *Treasurer*
S. O. A. MURPHY, *Secretary*

1864

JAMES T. BRADY, *President*
CHARLES H. BIRNEY, *Treasurer*
A. O'DONNELL, *Secretary*

1876

THOMAS BARBOUR, *President*
WILLIAM WHITESIDE, *Treasurer*
EUGENE B. MURTHA, *Secretary*

1865

RICHARD BELL, *President*
HENRY L. HOGUET, *Treasurer*
WILLIAM WHITESIDE, *Secretary*

1877

HUGH J. HASTINGS, *President*
WILLIAM WHITESIDE, *Treasurer*
EUGENE B. MURTHA, *Secretary*

1866

JOSEPH STUART, *President*
HENRY L. HOGUET, *Treasurer*
WILLIAM WHITESIDE, *Secretary*

1878-1880

CHARLES P. DALY, *President*
WILLIAM WHITESIDE, *Treasurer*
EUGENE B. MURTHA, *Secretary*

1881-1882	1892
CHARLES P. DALY, <i>President</i>	JOHN D. CRIMMINS, <i>President</i>
WILLIAM WHITESIDE, <i>Treasurer</i>	EUGENE KELLY, <i>Treasurer</i>
JOHN MCK. MCCARTHY, <i>Secretary</i>	EUGENE DURNIN, <i>Secretary</i>
1883	1893-1894
CHARLES P. DALY, <i>President</i>	JOHN D. CRIMMINS, <i>President</i>
EUGENE KELLY, <i>Treasurer</i>	EUGENE KELLY, <i>Treasurer</i>
JOHN MCK. MCCARTHY, <i>Secretary</i>	BARTHOLOMEW MOYNAHAN, <i>Sect'y</i>
1884	1895-1896
CHARLES P. DALY, <i>President</i>	JAMES S. COLEMAN, <i>President</i>
EUGENE KELLY, <i>Treasurer</i>	JOHN D. CRIMMINS, <i>Treasurer</i>
JOHN SAVAGE, <i>Secretary</i>	BARTHOLOMEW MOYNAHAN, <i>R. S.</i>
1885-1886	EDWARD J. MCGUIRE, <i>Cor. Sect'y</i>
JOSEPH J. O'DONOHUE, <i>President</i>	1897-1899
EUGENE KELLY, <i>Treasurer</i>	MORGAN J. O'BRIEN, <i>President</i>
FRANCIS HIGGINS, <i>Secretary</i>	JOHN D. CRIMMINS, <i>Treasurer</i>
1887	BARTHOLOMEW MOYNAHAN, <i>R. S.</i>
JAMES R. CUMING, <i>President</i>	EDWARD J. MCGUIRE, <i>Cor. Sect'y</i>
EUGENE KELLY, <i>Treasurer</i>	1900-1902
HENRY MCCLOSKEY, <i>Secretary</i>	JAMES A. O'GORMAN, <i>President</i>
1888-1889	JOHN D. CRIMMINS, <i>Treasurer</i>
JOSEPH J. O'DONOHUE, <i>President</i>	BARTHOLOMEW MOYNAHAN, <i>R. S.</i>
EUGENE KELLY, <i>Treasurer</i>	JOHN J. ROONEY, <i>Cor. Secretary</i>
HENRY MCCLOSKEY, <i>Secretary</i>	1903-1905
1890-1891	JAMES FITZGERALD, <i>President</i>
DAVID MCCLURE, <i>President</i>	JOHN D. CRIMMINS, <i>Treasurer</i>
EUGENE KELLY, <i>Treasurer</i>	JOHN J. LENEHAN, <i>Rec. Sect'y</i>
HENRY MCCLOSKEY, <i>Secretary</i>	WILLIAM TEMPLE EMMET, <i>C. Sec.</i>

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